

THE HORSE IN SOCIETY.

SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES

A LARGE CROWD PRESENT LAST EVENING—THE
USUAL DISPLAY OF SUPERB GOWNS AND
THE USUAL NUMBER OF WELL-
KNOWN PEOPLE ON HAND TO
SEE AND BE SEEN.
To say that the Horse Show is a great and

pression that, besides being trite from years of repetition, conveys at the same time information that is axiomatic. Of course the Horse Show is a success. Why shouldn't it be? It is society's own function, arranged for the members of society by the members of society—of society, for society and by society, paraphrase the ancient definition of this Republic. It is obvious that society will support its own functions by its presence. Having decreed that the Horse Show shall be, it will attend the Horse Show. And at any place where society can be seen, there also will be found plenty of others unknown to fame.

It is a bit paradoxical that at the hour when society's own show was formally opened the major part of society had scarcely opened its eyes. Yet such was the case. When the first blast of the bugle brought all the horses clustered into the tanbark ring for parade yesterday morning, there were probably not more than 300 people all told in the Big Garden, and most of them were stable hands and groom boys. Next fell drizzle from the arching skylight

and there was little to suggest that these were the opening hours of what was to be the first great social function of the year. As the day wore on and the luncheon hour passed the promenade began to fill with well-dressed and stylish people, and some of the boxes showed evidence of life and animation, but it was not until some hours later that the Garden took on anything like a gala appearance. Not, indeed, until about two of the fourteen classes of the day had been judged did the boxes and the promenade begin to fill up rapidly. But when people did begin to come they came in through the big door opening into Madison-ave., in crowds, and within a quarter of an hour the Horse Show had really opened.

It was the same brilliant assemblage which New-York has grown accustomed to for the second week in November. Society was all there in their best clothes and with its best manners. Some of the faces that have been seen there in previous years were missing, of course. The death of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt kept a number of people away who had counted upon being present, and we have seldom missed the Horse Show before. Mr. C. Whitney, too, who was on the programme as a member of the Ring Committee for the evening

But aside from these a large part of New-York society was in the garden, strolling in the promenade or sitting in the boxes at 9 o'clock. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was there in the afternoon as well as in the evening, when Mr. Belmont's carriage horses, Rockingham and Washington, won the blue ribbon in their class.



JOHN DREW.

Prince Louis of Savoy made his appearance in the evening and Richard Harding Davis was there also. In the afternoon John Drew was one of the most prominent attendants, and many were the sighs of the matinee girls over the loss of his mustache.

A PANORAMA OF FACES.

But if the affair was voted the usual success by the thousands of curious who saw it, there were small doubts that a moderate number would

hed with it and with itself. An air of **general** satisfaction pervaded the entire building. Every face reflected complacency. The boxes were filled, and about many of them stood the friends

MR. DAVIS TALKING TO FRIENDS.

of the occupants discussing those who passed the promenade or commenting on the horses the ring beyond. The promenade itself was

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